

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Smart Frocks for Afternoon Wear

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## The Far Sentry of the Solar System

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

In these troublous times on the little earth it is refreshing and encouraging to make an intellectual excursion among the really great eras that surround us, and to observe with what grand serenity they continue undisturbed in the pursuit of their wonderful ways.

At the present moment the most distant member of the sun's company, the planet Neptune, is visible, with the aid of a small telescope, in the evening sky between the constellations Gemini and Cancer. It is a big world, equal in size to eighty-five earths. It is the outermost sentinel that "guards with solemn round" the bivouac of the solar system. Where its measured paces fall lies the planetary frontier. Beginning from its dark and lonely beat, the awful Sahara of interstellar space stretch away, limitless, though sprinkled with distant suns like diamonds scattered over a trackless desert.

This sentry world strides slowly on his mighty march. He has eight thousand six hundred million miles to go for every circle around his campfire, the sun. Ephemeral incidents occurring in the planetary tents that he guards are nothing to him. When he shall have completed another round and returned to his present post between the Twins and the Crab, looking down once more, from the same point, through the pleasant June twilight, not a living soul of all the millions now alive will be left upon the earth.

The "mystic chords of memory" will, for all these, have long since been broken. Five "hungry generations" will have trod them down deep into the dust of forgetfulness. A hundred and sixty-five years is the measure of Neptune's orbital period. Yet his pace, slow in an astronomical sense, is seven-fold faster than the swiftest flight of the destroying shell.

As is suitable for his position, a watcher on the outpost, Neptune possesses a range of vision unrivaled by any other member of the solar system. For him the parallaxes of the stars are thirty times as great as for the earth. This is because of the giant diameter of his orbit, which is nearly 5,000,000,000 miles. Even the most distant stars must show some measurable change of place in the sky when viewed from the opposite ends of a base-line as vast as that. Here on the earth we cannot tell how far away mighty Canopus is. We simply know he is so distant that a base-line 185,000,000 miles long, furnished by the diameter of the earth's orbit, has no measurable length viewed from Canopus. The same is true of all but a very few of the stars.

But in the sentry box of Neptune Canopus' distance may be accurately known. The records kept there may show the range for every bright star, and even for every star in the Milky Way, so that if a sidereal world should break out and the sun should feel compelled to bombard his far off brothers the solar

protectors could be landed with deadly effect.

There is another visual advantage which the sentinel Neptune enjoys over the planets that circle nearer to the sun. Since he is thirty times farther from the sun than the earth is, he receives 900 times less solar light, area per area, than our planet gets. That is the same as saying that daylight on Neptune is 300 times less intense than upon the earth. Thus he is like a sentry pacing in the comparative darkness around the edge of an encampment in the woods, unblinded by too near neighborhood to the central fire. Still, although the sun as seen from Neptune is only about as great in apparent diameter as an electric arc light, yet it gives an illumination between 600 and 700 times as bright as that of full moonlight on the earth.

It would be great to ride the circuit with Neptune—to have one's brief terrestrial life-span enlarged by the scale of the long Neptunian years, and to sweep "with optic glass" the stary battlements from the circumference of that vast orbit. But Neptune would offer a strange, uncertain footing for animals like us. The mean density of the huge planet is but slightly greater than that of water. It may be a globe of liquid for all that we can tell. If it has inhabitants they may be fish-like creatures dwelling in a bubble ocean, or they may be composed of substances so rare that they resemble living balloons, schilling with prismatic hues as they roll in the diminished sunshine or flash off the sheen of the stars. But it is a long, long way to Neptune, and this world may never know what is going on in that one.



## Engaged to Two Men at Once

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"How happy I could be with either, were I other dear charmer away!" wrote the poet, and we who read smile with amused tolerance. But the situation is not amusing at all. Either it is a tragedy of imperfections, a drama of deceit, or a distorted problem play of stolen happiness.

"I have two young men friends," writes Polly. "One lives in the same town as I, the other out of town. I am desperately in love with both of them. And I am sure they both love me, as they both have proposed. I accepted both. The reason was I loved both so well I was afraid I would make a wrong choice. I thought I would be able to decide in a year which I loved the best. But now they both want to marry this fall and I don't know which to take. Please advise me quickly as I am in great need of help. I am 18 years old, and both the men are over 25 years old."

Polly—aged 18 years—what you are really in need of is a spanking. Suppose you accept a verbal one from me.

You have done a thing that is contemptible and dishonorable. You have lowered your womanhood by deceiving two men—and you are likely to lower their standard of womanhood when they find you out. When you were with either, he became temporarily the one you loved—and so, when you went to the other, you betrayed the man you had just thought you loved.

The standard of love for decent folk is to love one only and to cleave to him or her. And since you think you love two men, you love neither—but instead you have a morbid desire to be made love to! You love yourself, my girl; you love to have your precious self courted and worshipped. And so you have supplied yourself with two admirers and stimulated your own fondness of conquest.

What would you think of a man who similarly deceived two women? Chivalrous folk would think "cad" too kind a name for him. And even "scoundrel" would seem to gloss over the situation of taking the love and allegiance of two women and of laying up for one (or both) unhappiness when the day of awakening came.

The fact that you are a girl makes

what you have done no whit more decent than would be the conduct of a man who acted with similar shamelessness. In fact—it is worse. You have cheapened your own womanhood and all the standards of sweetness and reserve and maidenly modesty that ought to be the loveliest thing in your youth.

You are playing fast and loose with the most sacred emotion in life. Ahead of you lie wifehood and motherhood and the sacredness of home making. Since your promise is divided between two—it is valueless to either. Theoretically you have violated the principles of home and the sanctity of marriage.

You think I am taking a girlish prank pretty seriously, don't you? Well, your "girlish prank" can't fall to cost one man his happiness and illusions about the woman he thought of sacredly. And the one man who marries you—if either be so foolish now—is fairly sure always to remember that you are capable of deceit and duplicity.

Make your confession now to each—don't wait to be found out—as discovered you surely will be; but have the one saving grace of decency; acknowledge what you have done. If either man can find it in his heart to forgive you; if you can feel humbly enough to desire to spend your life in making up for one cruel duplicity; if you feel shame at your ignoble act, then marry. But the safest thing for you to do is to realize that you are not at all in love with either, but just fascinated by love. And then wait humbly for the miracle of real love to come into your life.

And may all other flighty little girls who play at love and play with love, profit by your silliness.

## In-Shoots

Push of the hogish variety does not always promote lasting popularity.

It is easy to slip up egotism that is not causing our own skulls to bulge.

When out on the bush highway it is better to hold your head up whether there is anything in it or not.



The side drapery stamps this frock of white soiree or chiffon as a Callot creation, the bias bands being moire. Of moire, also, are the long sleeves and pump bow. The white hemp hat is embroidered in beads.

Her garden-party frock is a succession of flounces assembled by the skillful hand of Callot. Through her black tulle and creamy lace glimmer tints of bright blue satin. She wears an embroidered chiffon and gourah hat.

## Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

# The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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### Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia, the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter and they have in the mountains; later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night.

That night, Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to steal Celestia, who runs to Tommy for help, followed by Stilliter. The latter at once realises Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Tommy is unable to get any help from Celestia in time to catch an express for New York, there he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's departure.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any help to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slaves, but

escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglais. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike, and the "boss" overhearing her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a blazing furnace. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by Hanker Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her directly. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a coterie of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the collieries.

### EIGHTH EPISODE.

A loud chorus of mockery drowned his voice.

But Carson shouted at the top of his lungs, "Give him air," and when he had secured a sort of silence he went on: "Brother Barclay is all right," he shouted; "he thinks the same as we do, only he don't think it in the same way; Give him air!"

Carson got a laugh, and Tommy was given air. And seeing that he was being given air, he smiled a very winning smile (it happened to light first upon Mrs. Gundersen) and began to speak once more—this time with confidence, because by good luck he had happened upon something to say, that seemed to him worth saying.

"Brothers," he said, "your backs are all turned to the door of this hall. Mine isn't."

He had succeeded in exciting their curiosity. Many turned and had a look

at the door, and then looked back at the speaker. One or two smiled and nodded as if they knew what was coming, which they didn't. Tommy continued:

"While you were so loudly applauding my opening remarks (laughter and nudgings) that door opened and that door closed."

Once more heads turned toward the door.

"And," said Tommy, raising his voice for the first time, "a man went out."

"He went out in a hurry. He went out for two reasons. First, because his business here was finished, and second, because he knew that I recognized him in spite of his false mustache. Well, you could have caught him if you hadn't been so busy making noise at me. He was a Pinkerton man."

Tommy checked an outburst of rage with a commanding gesture.

"His business was to find out if we are going to attack the stockade or not. He thinks we are. But we are not."

"The hell we're not! Why aren't we? Who told you?" etc., etc.

"It's for you to decide," cried Tommy, "but I wish you'd let me tell you what I saw on the platform at the freight station."

Again, by exciting curiosity, he had secured attention.

"I saw," said Tommy, "a large wooden box. On the box was printed Rotary Air Pump. But on the box under these words had once been printed the name, Goss and Goss. That conveys no meaning to you. Goss and Goss is a firm which does business on Broadway. It deals in uniforms, rifles, ammunition and cannon. Brothers, the Rotary Air Pump which I saw on the platform at the freight station is a machine gun."

There was a long and ominous silence.

"Have you ever," continued Tommy cheerfully, "watched a man watering his front lawn with a hose? It's easy for the man with the hose to hit every blade of grass on the front lawn. It's just as easy as it is for the man with the machine gun to hit every man in a crowd."

"Attack that stockade? That's just what old man Kehr wants you to do. He will mow you down like grass, and the public will say it's your own fault."

"Not only did the large crates contain a machine gun, but smaller crates which Tommy had not observed, marked 'Picks and Shovels,' containing high-power

rifles and ammunition. But for that night, at least, old man Kehr's deadly preparations for giving the strikers what he considered a well deserved and salutary lesson were in vain.

Dawn broke.

"They're not coming," said the Pinkerton man. "They must have listened to Mr. Barclay after all. But it looked, so help me, as if they were going to tear him to pieces first, and try and rush us afterward."

"Any man with brains," said Kehr, "is a renegade when he's on the wrong side of a question. We must get rid of Mr. Thomas Barclay. Give me that code book and a telegraph blank."

After some labor and a grim smile at the finished product, old man Kehr dispatched the following cypher to Gordon Barclay:

"Suckers won't bite. Your muttering carburetor Tommy has tickled Aphrodite. Please pound his whiskers quick."

"Now, then," he said to Mr. Pinkerton man, "rush that!"

(To Be Continued Monday.)

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

No Harm at All.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 years old and fond of dancing, so attend many dances given by the Young Women's Christian association. Kindly advise me if there is any harm in going to them if I am home by 10:30 p. m. My mother does not object, but I have an aunt who is constantly telling me that I will be sorry some day.

MADGE.

The Young Women's Christian association is a splendid institution and can hardly fail to be a splendid influence in a girl's life. With your mother's approval you may surely go to early dances—and if you want my hearty co-operation in her sensible opinion, you may have it.

No.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and kept company with a man of 23, and he told me he loved me, but I do not love him. True, maybe, I could learn to love him in time. Do you think I should try?

HELEN G.

He is not the right man. Do not make the mistake of forcing yourself to think he is.

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